

The contention of the two famous Houses,

And at the pangs of death I heard him cry
And say, Commend me to my valiant brother:
And more he would haue spoke, and more he saide,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That could not be distinguisht for the sound,
And so the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghost.
War. What is pompe, rule, reigne, but earth and dust?

And liue we how we can, yet dye we must.
Sweet rest his soule, flye Lords, and saue your selues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all faréwell to meete in heauen.

He dyes.

Oxf. Come Noble Somerset, let's take our horse,
And cause retreate be sounded through the Campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,
May be forewarn'd, and saue themselues by flight.
That done, with them weell poste vnto the Queene,
And once more try our fortune in the field.

Exit ambo.

*Enter Edward, Clarence, and Gloster, with
Soldiers.*

Edm. Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girt our temples with triumphant ioyes.
The big-bon'd traitor *Warwicke* hath breath'd his last,
And heauen this day hath smil'd vpon vs all.
But in this cleare and brightsome day,
I see a blacke suspicious clowd appeare,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Before he gaine his easfull westerne beames;
I meane those pow'rs which the Queene hath got in France
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.

Glo. Oxford and Somerset are fled to her,
And 'tis likely, if she haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

Edm. We are aduertisde by our louing friends,
That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury:
Thither will we, for willingnesse rids way:

And

of Yorke and Lancaster.

And in euery Country as we passe along,
Our strengths shall be augmented.
Come lets go, for if we slacke this bright summers day,
Sharpe winters showers will marre our hope for haic.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford and Somerset,
with Drum and Soldiours.*

Queene. Welcome to England, my louing friends of France,
And welcome Somerset, and Oxford too.

Once more haue we spread our sailles abroad,
and though our tackling be almost consumde,
and *Warwicke* as our maine Mast ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie poste,
That beares the sailles to bring vs vnto rest,
and Ned and I as willing Pilots should,
For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulf
That heeretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.

Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there should)
amongst vs a timerous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the battailes ioyne,
Least he in time of need entice another,
and so withdraw the soldiours hearts from vs.
I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my sword prease in the thickest throngs,
and single *Edward* from his strongest guard,
and hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leaue my body as witnesse of my thoughts,

Oxf. Women and children of so high resolute,
And warriors faint, why twere perpetuall shame.
Oh braue young Prince, thy noble grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee,
Long maist thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.

Som. And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by day

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